

The Emperor was an interesting man. With him again I had to speak French. He did not strike me as a very able man, but he was a gentleman, he had good instincts, and in his sixty years' reign he had witnessed the most extraordinary changes and vicissitudes. He talked very freely and pleasantly, sometimes about politics, sometimes about hunting; and after my first interview, when he got up to tell me "good-by," he said that he had been particularly interested in seeing me because he was the last representative of the old system, whereas I embodied the new movement, the movement of the present and the future, and that he had wished to see me so as to know for himself how the prominent exponent of that movement felt and thought. He knew that I disliked the old king of the Belgians who was just dead, and suddenly asked me if I would have visited Belgium if he had been alive; and when I said no, he responded that he quite understood why, and added "c'etait un homme absolument mechant," explaining that there were very few men who were absolutely and without qualification "mechant," but that Leopold was one.

The dinner at Schonbrunn was interesting, of course, and not so dull, as those functions are apt to be. The Emperor and all the Austrian guests had one horrid habit. The finger-bowls were brought on, each with a small tumbler of water in the middle; and the Emperor and all the others proceeded to rinse their mouths, and then empty them into the finger-bowls. I felt a little as if the days of Kaunitz

had been revived—I believe that eminent
servant of Maria
Theresa used to take a complete toilet-set
with him to
dinner, including a tooth brush, which he used
at the close
of the feast. However, all of the guests were
'delightful;
and both the men and the women who came in
after dinner
were on the whole charming. I was told that
Viennese
society was frivolous, but it happened, I
suppose naturally,
that those men whom I saw were most of
them interested
in real problems of statecraft and warcraft.
However,
the world that lives for amusement was much
in evidence at
the Jockey Club. This struck me as a typical
Viennese